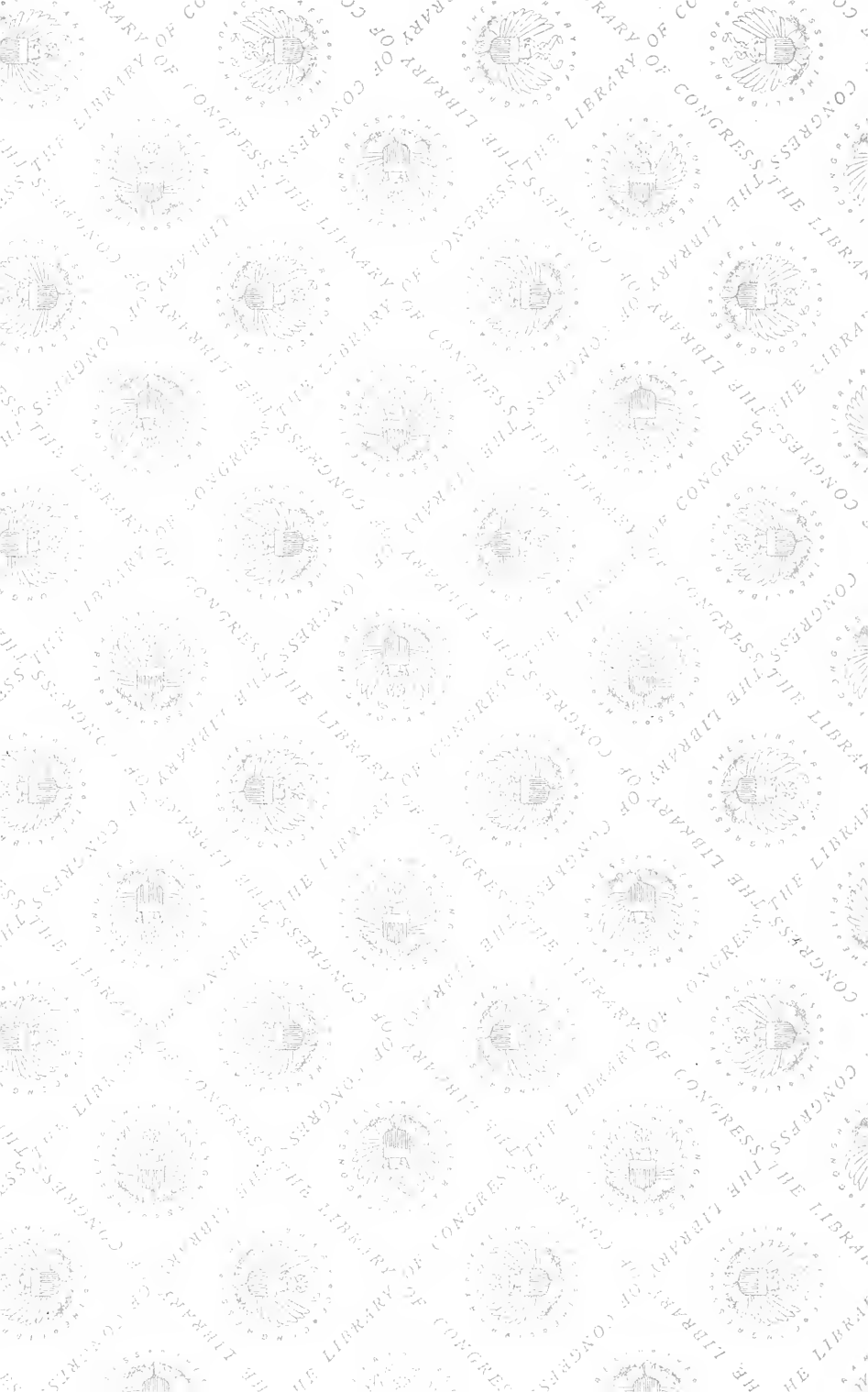
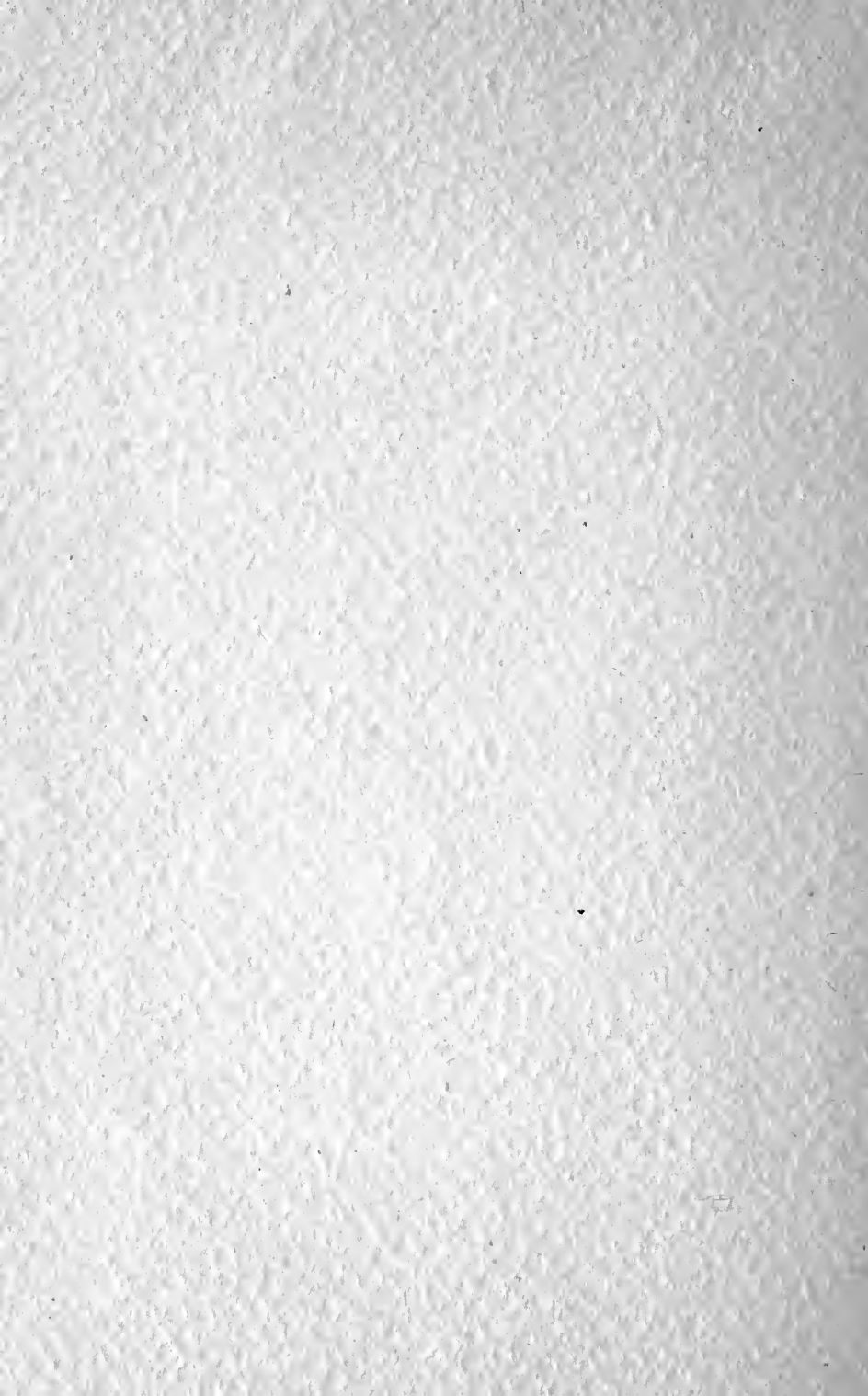


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SHOT ON DUTY



CONTENTS:

THE INSTEP

THE SOUL

THE HEAL

MISCEL.

EYE EPIGRAMS

DUTY EPIGRAMS

DICTIONARY OF EYE



CT275
S43425
17/11

PREFACE



"This plan is recommendt neither to BLIND approbation, nor to BLIND reprobation."—Jay.



"I value myself upon sympathy; I hate and despise myself for envy."—Kames.



The Author presents this booklet with the sincere hope that it will be treasured as a memento of the first history of the new city of Rockport, Indiana.

Some declare that if the whisky element had not made Rockport a city, Thomas Franklin Sessor would stil see. Selah!

Mr. Sessor has a lenient hart. He workt for \$50 a month. He now asks no large pension, but prefers to make his way so long as possibl. He wil hereafter contribute regularly to THE PRESIDENT. His articles wil deal with the growth of inner emotions, minus thre chief senses,—sight, taste, scent.

We shal be thankful for kind words, but also grateful for practical orders!

"A" President sits at Washington; but "THE" President gets "proof" in Indiana. Illustrated on 6x9 halftone white paper and bound in colored Leatheret. We have, for the next few years, many notabl articles from famous people who know how to do things. Help us make THE PRESIDENT a "Masterful, Moral, Mind Magazine," by voting your yearly subscription. You can get this book, "Shot On Duty," only as a premium with THE PRESIDENT, one year for \$1. Hand your subscription to Mr. Sessor, or mail to:

THE PRESIDENT PUBLISHING CO.,
Rockport, Ind.

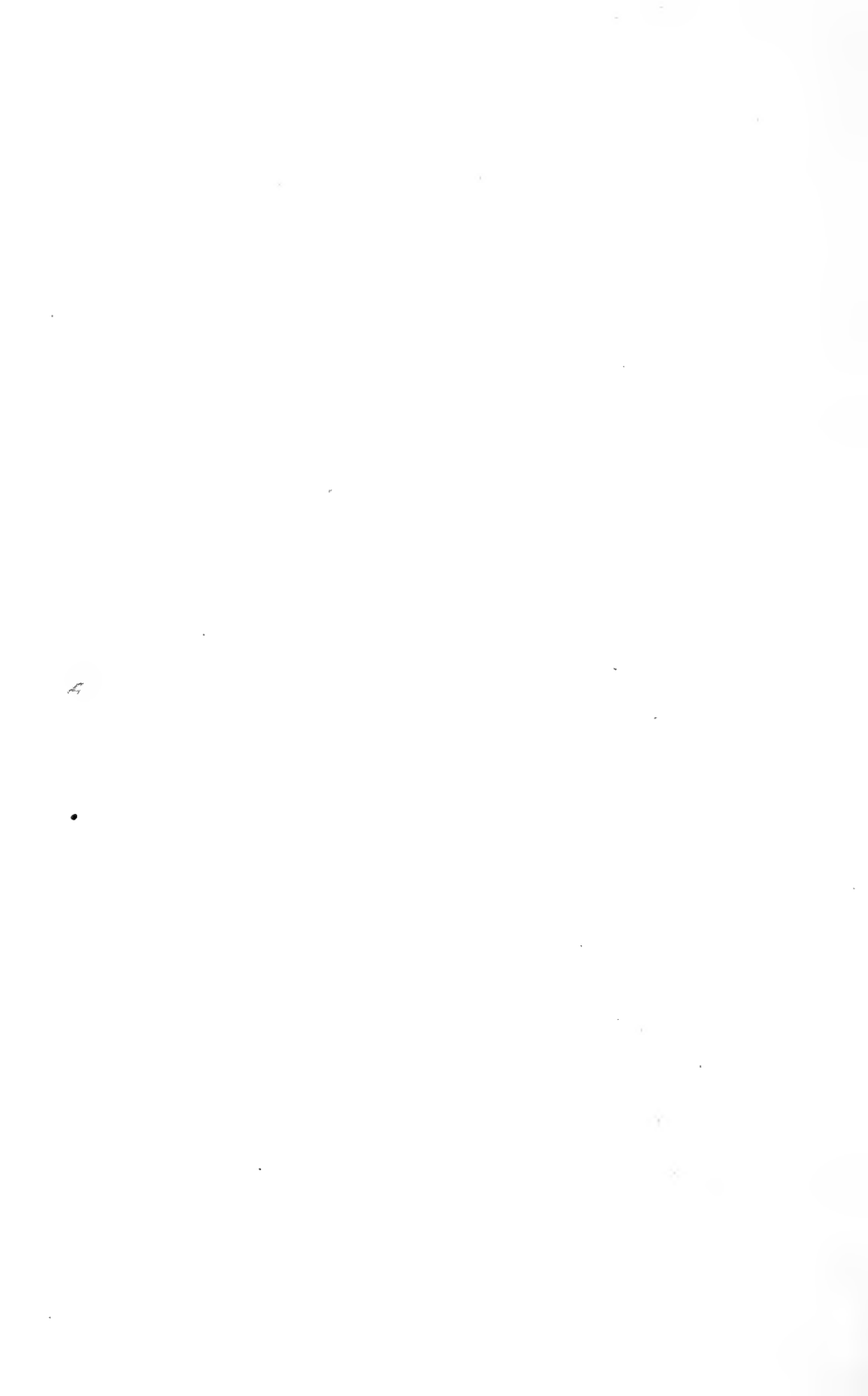


(All the engravings in this book were made by The Knoxville Engraving Co., Knoxville, Tenn.).



Photo by J. M. Killian.

THOMAS FRANKLIN SESSOR
(BEFORE SHOT.)



TESTIMONIALS



April 13th, 1909.

\$. COOK,

The President, Rockport, Ind.

Your Masterful, Moral Mind Magazine is always read with zest. I will vote for the Indiana President every year and shall get my Official Brothers to help you win! "Shot On Duty" is chuck full of vital truth; I shall keep it as a little reference book. My regards to Mr. Sessor. An order is herewith sent.

Signed: FRED. H. BRENNECKE, Chief Police,
Evansville, Ind.



"Sam Rud Cook's books are alright, but they would be much better if he would not use so many seipipedalian (big) words."—J. T. H.

The other side: "Sam Rud Cook's essays are good stuff."—ELBERT HUBBARD.

"Formerly I only knew 700 words, but by constantly reading your magazine I think I now know about 19,000 words. Keep up the battle, for it makes me go to the Dictionary and learn life."—R. W. HOLMES, Plymouth, Mass.



\$AMUEL RUD COOK, Lit. B.,

Rockport, Ind.

May 31, 1909.

My dear Mr. Cook:

I have read the copy of your book "Shot On Duty." You have made an entertaining and didactic treatise out of a very sad subject. I am proud to know that your skill as an Author comes largely thru the thorough course you took in our Oriental University, which conferred on you the degree Bachelor of Literature. As a modest Automath you have again proven that it is not necessary to spend hundred of dollars at College for an education, if one has the Abe Lincoln grit to slowly but practically accomplish his aim amid many handicaps.

Ever kindly your friend,

Prof. H. P. HOLLER, Ph. D., S. T. D., President Oriental University,
Alexandria, Va.

EYE EPIGRAMS



(Ein fester Blick, ein hoher Mut, die sind zu allen Zeiten gut.) "A steady eye and lofty mind are always of a helpful kind."—Bechstein.



"What do I gain from a man into whose eyes I cannot look when he is speaking, and the mirror of whose soul is veiled to me by a pair of glasses which dazzle me?"—Goethe.



"The eye by which I see God is the same eye by which he sees me."—Scheffler.



"The begining of creation (in man's soul as in Nature) is light. Til the eyes have vision, the whole members are in bonds."—Goethe.



"'Tis only in the forehed Nature plants the watchful eye; the back, without defense, must find its shield in man's fidelity."—Schiller.



"The animals look for man's intentions right into the eyes. Even a rat, when you hunt him and bring him to bay, looks you in the eye."—H. Powers.



(Cieco el'occhio, se l'animo e distratto.) "The eye sees nothing if the mind is distracted."—Italian Prov.



(Die Augen glauben sich selbst, die Ohren andern Leuten.) "The eyes believe themselves, the ears other people."—German Prov.



"We are creatures who look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our eyes."—Carlyle.



"The eyes, like sentinels, occupy the highest place in the body."—Cicero.



"Whatever of goodness emanates from the soul, gathers its soft halo from the eyes; and if the heart be the lurking place of crime, the eyes are sure to betray the secret."—F. Sanders.



"Take thou the beam out of thine eye; then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote out of thy brother's."—Jesus.



"God has made man to take pleasure in the use of his eyes, wits and body; and the foolish creature is continually trying to live without looking at anything, without thinking of anything and without doing anything."—Ruskin.



Photo by J. M. Killian.

SAMUEL RUD COOK
 EDITOR THE PRESIDENT.
 AUTHOR: "SHOT ON DUTY," "TRITE TRIOLETS," ETC.

SHOT ON DUTY



THE INSTEP

"We shal expres our DUTY in the EYE."—Shakespeare.

"A Policeman makes ungarded beats wherein he steps."



WRITING of Thorwaldsen, the great artist, Elbert Hubbard says: "The real business-like biografer begins by teling when his subject "FIRST saw light." But the hero of this essay makes us commene by recording when an officer "saw the LAST light."

When a person is born, cuts no figure; but a fellow losing his sight is nearly so pityful as when numberless beings have no insight into things.

Soon after Mr. Thomas Franklin Sessor was shot totally blind by the Langdon boys in Rockport, Indiana, on the night of January 23, 1909, I wrote to Sessor asking him to mail me one of his photos to be used in a newspaper article.

He had not only lost both eyes by that fateful shot, but his physical nature was considerably wreht, so he replied: "I can't now recal who Samuel Rud Cook is, unles it be one of Uncle John Cook's sons; if so, I think you are alright and I wish you would not only write the newspaper feature, but please publish a book about this shooting AFFRAY; becaus there are so many versions of it that I want the people to know just how it happened, and that people wil have something by which to remember me."

Therefore, so soon as I was able to see Mr. Sessor, we pledged our labors and hope.

But I should state at once that the episode was no "Shooting AFFRAY," becaus, an "AFFRAY" is a quarrel where one fellow is to blame so much as another; but this was a "defens of public, without regard for self."

I then askt Mr. Sessor one fact: "Do you now harbor any malice against the Langdon boys?" (This was after the trial.)

Poor Sessor lifted his watery empty eye-lashes, his lips grew blue as his hand quivered while it lay upon the faithful cane, which so often is called upon to guide the infirm.

Finally, he spoke: "Samuel, is that a Lawyer's point in my case, or may I trust you?" This he evidently impugned to ascertain some confidence in humanity, for he thot all the world was against him. I dare say, to him, Sidney's phrase came close and trite: "No dreams, but visions strange."

Evading, or perhaps forgetting, I advised: "Only tel me, shal I write this case up from a MALICE STAND-POINT, or do you believe there is no antinomist in all the world?"

"If I understand you right," he aspirated, as he put his fingers to his ded-eyes to impres the meaning, "I believed no person commits wrongs knowingly; and as to malice towards the Langdon boys God knows I never had any hatred in my hart for anybody!" Then he laid his hed wearily

upon an old table, and a world of thots must have dasht thru his cranium. Sympathetic swallows filled my throat, as I studied Sessor's big badge displaying these words: "CITY MARSHAL." I thot 'Ah, fate, how cruel! No badge, title, nor glitter defends poor, mortal man who trys to do some special duty in the path of life.'

If a man must be shot, it is some cheer to fall, like a soldier, while on duty: Men are SHOT on duty, women get POWDER for beauty. Neither makes either nice, tho the words rime—the fact is CRIME!

The Queen of England took a cup-and-saucer. That's a way of drinking deLIGHT! But Sessor is no drinker and his cognomen is not pronounced Saucer, but Sessor.

Frank people are seldom murdered, but they may be made to die by inches, when enemies won't obey the rule. Frank, from Latin, means "Fre." Take "RANK," prefix F, the beginning of Friend, then you get the Frank name, and to have fre friends one must be frank. The first part of the name Frank is "Fra," which typifies "Brother;" hence, he who is frank in expression, or acts, always gains a brother. Yet Frank Sessor got the deth of his eyes and the tax of darknes.

The Bible speaks of a "douting Thomas," but Thomas Franklin Sessor never doubted the friendship of fellowmen.

Frankalmoigne was a tenure by which a priest would hold lands, for which, in exchang, he prayed for the donor. Now most people frankly pray and work out their own salvation—even the blind Frank Sessor.

The candid man never did anything he must conseal; the frank person never wil do something which needs revelation.

In "Who's Who in America," I find no Sessor cognomen; but I do read of five DISTINGUISHT Lang-

dons—it's a horror to Bluff City minds that some Langdons' were not, of sins, EXTINGUISHT before they found out "Who's Who at Jeffersonville!"

Some declare that Mr. Sessor has RECOVERED! But, if eternal-dark-pitch is recovery, then, Oh, sweet God, in the game of pop-eyes-out, and the stumble-around-on-justice, poke us al far away FROM recovery! I would rather SEE LIGHT than Marshal a Duty in any Darktown Sillysisumus!

Mayors come and go; but slayers stay so long as eyes, which Tennyson calls "homes of silent prayer," may be plugged out with a 38 bore for only \$100, plus two years.

This is no tame sermon, nor a sensational lecture—it aims to be, a plain essay regarding the essence of an incident that has had no precedens in this neck-'o-the-woods, and we hope it cannot have, in the future, a co-incident.

It is echoed that one of the Langdon boys swore he would not only kil a few more Rockport people, when he returns, but he wil make 'MUSH out of \$am Rud Cook's hed!' I am sorry he read some of the proof of this book, but we are told "the proof is in the puding." This book is not written to help dam the Langdon boys, then defy them to get up again. Far from it! It is simply fact, as a lesson to others; and no one should rashly object to being a good lesson for the betterment of a community. Jessie James, Pat Crowe, and many others, have reformt, and our faith is strong in the Langdon lads. Yet, like Attorney Heney, of California, we won't accept threats, and we eagerly await the MUSH, or PUDING, whichever it shal be. But though we can digest mush, puding is too sweet for our dyspeptic stomach.

The other Langdon boy has promist to lead a better life and be a "very WARM friend" to Sessor: It is wise



JIM LANGDON

to observ that some WARMNES makes it too hot for mortal eyes. But we al wil hope for the best, and await to SEE!

“Imagination is the RETINA of the univers.”—Ruskin.

Thomas Franklin Sessor was born on John Schofield's farm, Clay Township, Spencer County, Indiana, on the 7th day of June, 1870, just three miles from Buffaloville. There he lived with his mother, büt workt for

neighbors for smal amounts so soon as he was four vears okl.

When 14 bronze counts had flusht his face he came to Rockport, where he lived ever since, excepting six years when he resided four years in Evansville, one year at Vincennes, and one year at Caneville, Ky.

Sessor is 6 ft. 3½ inches high and weight 200 pounds May 17, 1909. With all his physical strength he is badly handicapt, for it is even difficult for a man with two good eyes to make a

living.

In 1901 Sessor saved the life of a two year old boy as a drunkard held up the child and was about to dash it on the brick-pavement. Sessor noticed this, heroically ran near, while his face was white as a sacred swan. He grappled firmly the wobbling man preventing him from dashing the lad's brains onto the pavement.

Later, when put upon the Police force, he saw a tipsy fellow racing a horse down Main street one summer day. At the corner of the Farmers Bank three year old Oleza Darneal was standing. Sessor instantly beheld the death of that boy in that collision. Deftly he sprang, grabbed the boy, then whirled aside with his precious trophy, the hubs of the rig brushing him as he struggled away, the youth anchored safe in Sessor's big arms. There are now no more grateful parents in Rockport, and Charles Darneal, the father, offered to reward Sessor, but he would not take it, claiming that nothing but his sworn duty had been performed.

But these are enough to illustrate his every watchful, thorough service. Sessor was a 'Peace Officer,' he never swore and always made his arrests quietly. Had he used the bludgeon he might have made jelly of some heads, or shot the Langdons. He believed that 'rulers who kill their enemies are teaching murder as a fine art, and fixing private individuals in the belief that for them to kill is according to higher law.'

There are thousands of opinions expressed by the man-who-knows-how-after-things-happen,—how he, or they would have done in Sessor's case. Many of these people are like the Rev. Mr. Davidson of Washington, Ind., who told Chief Police Corning that if the star and club were delivered to him, he would clean the town up in thirty days; but when Corning agreed, the 'Rev-end' refused to

tackle the job. It is easy to move tin soldiers, but to study out the checkered board of life in advance is quite another problem.

Compare Sessor with the coward on the Police Force of New York, who, after being called to duty, ran into a millinery store and allowed a brutal man to shoot two innocent persons. This New York police was then brought to trial, his brass buttons were cut off and he was kicked down the lofty steps of The Justice Temple.

Had Sessor sneaked off and not made an attempt to arrest the Langdons, after no help was available, you would not care to help him, and I dare say he would not feel like grasping your hand of friendship. Sessor says: "I would rather try to look at a person with blind eyes, than to shut good eyes and sneakily gaze at former friends. Some say they would have acted different than I did, but my dear people, there is not one thing of which I am ashamed in this case, for I positively know I did my duty and none could have done better than I did under all the circumstances."

Some suggested to Sessor that he sue the City of Rockport for \$5000; but Frank is frank, and reasonable even in this. He says he knows the better class of people would have to pay the most of this, so he prefers to fight his own way, for many business men say 'Sessor shall never suffer want.'

Pliny the Younger tells in his letter to Tacitus (VI. 16) that, when the eruption began, his uncle ordered out a light swift galley to take him from Misenum, where the Roman fleet lay, nearer to the place of eruption. While so doing, he received a note from a Roman lady in a villa on the coast below the Vesuvius to send her help. This perhaps was the first intimation to Pliny that the matter was becoming dangerous. His nephew then says that his uncle thereupon changed his

plan and ordered out the quadriremes, —i.e., large galleys with four banks of oars,—in order not only to bring help to that lady, but to many; for he adds that the attractiv shore was crowded with inhabitants. Pliny the Elder, then, as is wel known, lost his life as a victim of his curiosity and desire of knowledg in going too near to the vicinity of the eruption. "He hastened there," his nephew says, "from where others fled." According to the report of his nephew, Pliny cannot be accused for not doing much

to help his fellow-men, and only incidentally picking up some fugitives. He surely did all he could; for his nephew is a short letter, which he mainly wrote to satisfy the wish of Tacitus concerning the deth of his uncle, very probably only toucht upon the help Pliny brot to those that needed it.

Surely, we under a Christian nation are wiling to help the man who, like Pliny, rusht to help where others fled.



THE SOUL

(SESSOR'S STORY)



"Yet stab at thee who wil -
No stab the soul can kil."

Sir John Davis.



YEARS ago, one of the Langdon boys recited in school, "Remember Boys Make Men." But sometimes gassoons don't remember, then start too soon in making men, or "infant industries," braggadocio and rhodomontade tatterdemalions,—long before they have enuf dough to raise respectability thru some moral enterprise.

I was unable to attend the trial, held at Rockport, February 13; but the attorney and Sessor vouch for what I write. A short narration by Sessor follows:

"An officer knows not what moment his life will be shot out."

"True," affirmed I, comparing Homer's Odyssey:

"A knotty stake than aiming at his hed

Downdropt he groaning, and the spirit fled."

"Yes, it was a knotty arm which aimed at my hed, and I fell groaning; but, thank Jehovah, the spirit ain't ded yet.

"Now, I don't want to dictate, but we must get the particulars of this case—"

"Sure," interrupted I, "Particular Produces Public Peace!"

Again, he started: "I want to be so particular with the details of this

book as I was in the performance of my official duties.

"I only know the Langdon boys two years BACK"—"and one night from the FACE," I suggested, as Sessor got deeply interested, almost forgetting his troubles.

"People who have lived here all their lives, have talkt in crowds where the Langdon boys were, yet, now they claim they never knew those boys. The reason is, becaus the Langdons never converst, except with a few pals.

"Many a night I have stood a square off to watch Jim, Dick and Bill Langdon, while they stood vis-a-vis for so long as an hour at a time, seemingly plotting. As I would pas I never could get an inkling of a supposed cacology.

"Yet, I did not know, until the fateful night, that people generally were so afraid of these boys, that they stayed aloof fearing I would deputiz them to help arrest the Langdons, then later get killed. For people now say that these desperados had threatened to murder Mayor Walker, Squire Jones, Prosecutor Savage, and several others.

"I also found out afterwards that when Bill Langdon cut the throat of Sam Young's boy, Langdon laid out in the woods like a lion in Africa afraid of Roosevelt. Thus, Langdon finally

crost the Ohio river to Martin Machel-fresh's, and so awaited Young's recovery.

"Two weeks before I was shot I received a telephone call, from Power's Corner, stating that Bill Langdon was about to kil a fellow out there. It was tipt that Langdon had only a knife; but later I discovered that he had a gun ready for my bowles; so he might have killed me that night, while I approacht him.

"On the following Saturday night, a week before I was shot, Atlas Clark, who runs the Third Street Saloon, sent word to Mayor Walker that the Marshal was needed on Third Street, to which place I hastened.

"Bill Langdon had been there, flashing a gun. When Clark told him to give up the weapon, or go out, Langdon threatened that the Saloonist was not game if he would not go out into the street to fight the matter thru.

"Anthony Tignor claimed that Langdon was drunk and he (Tignor) had taken him home. But as we went out of the Hell Hole we met Bill Langdon coming back, with his hands in his pocket on his gun. He made an effort to fire, but I grabed his hand and got the revolver, then fined him \$19.50 which he could not pay, on default of which he was lockt up.

"While in jail he broke two window PANES, with his fist. His father was PAINED enuf to stay the fine of his wayward son. That lookt nice for a clear view, and I thot I had aired Bill some.

"I never saw Bill again, until the darkest night of my life, January 23, 1909. The "23" was unlucky to my sight, wil it be to Roosevelt, who left for a DARK Continent two months later?

"That night Jim and Bill Langdon had gone to the Powers last chance, to put bird-seed into the cerebrum of Joe Meredith. But Joe had shut his

d^{oor} early and went home; yet, if it had not been for the boys loafing around the corner, Langdons' would have carried out their threats, as several attempts were made to disturb the Meredith domicile. All this I only heard later. The Langdons' then came upon Main street, and I ordered them to go home, but Bill persisted, tho Jim seemed to be willing.

"I met them again in ten minutes, slashing their knives, trying their best to cut some innocent little boys, among whom was Harry Daniels and Cliff Prather (white), and Leo Johnson (colored).

"They passt along Third street and knockt their little brother Henry, age 13, from the cannon standing on the Court House terrace. I chased them.

"The Langdons' ran and dodged into the Veranda Tonic Parlor. Then Harry Daniels told me of the troubl Bill and Jim had; so I laid-in-wait until they came out of the dizzy-hed ereator, for I realized that I had to lock them up, or they would kil some one that night.

"Shortly they came out of the saloon, then walkt towards the river. I decided to watch until I could get close enuf to arrest them. They stood on Second and Main for fifteen minutes, then returned, to the Veranda, the main Hotel in the city, where I arrested both."

Here Sessor drew a long breth as inspiration for a retrospect.

"I found an open knife in Bill Langdon's pocket. I got Roy Fry to hold Bill while I searcht Jim; but I found nothing. I quickly told Fry to help me lock up the Langdons', but Fry protested, on color lines, that his upper-story might some day be made into fried-gravy, if he assisted.

"After weiging the matter mercyfully, I thot I was man enuf to get the mes to the stew-box, or, per-chance meet some wel-bred, helpful



**BILL LANGDON WHO DID THE
SHOOTING**

man in the street."

"So with Milton you knew:
" 'Hesperus, who's office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth.' "

"No. I never knew Hesperus, but I wanted to do my whole duty; so alone, I proceeded to bring quiet to the dusky hours of Rockport," Sessor grilled back, getting keen on some logical terms of English.

"I saw men a block away, to whom I advanct; however, I lackt twelve feet of making my goal. I had both

pseudo-men by the shoulder, while each one puled with tauromachian force, all the time, trying to break loose.

"Bill got possession of my mace, which had been strapt to my wrist. Suddenly, Jim halted, and blubered: 'Why do you, hie, arreet us?' I gave him the cond to move on, saying, 'arguments only WHET the bone of contention.' Jim blustered, that 'they would WET my hed-pan with brimstone by intention,' then he

drew his hand back as tho he intended to stab me with some secret knife. Knives were always their weapons. I did not think they had guns. Fear of the knife was one of the causes why I was shot. I nabed his arm, jerked it down, but saw he had no dagger; therefore I deftly turnd my scrutiny to Bill. Being so busy I had forgotten my gun in my overcoat pocket, where I had put it for handy reference; but I did not think it necessary to resort to 'powder-and-lead,' in a tussle with boys. Somehow Bill secretly had swipt the 'caliber-defence,' and put it into his right-hand-hip-pocket.

"I, again, askt them to move on, as I pusht Jim along. Bill, who held, with his left hand, my club, all that time, now slipt around directly in front of me, while Jim began to snivle something like this, interspersed with chocolate cholloquialism: 'In the name of Almighty, and the game of Dunite, hic, this string of goods must be rammed up tonight!' He drew the gun; then I made a terrific lurch, and with my tied-right-hand I knockt the fire-arm up, the first bulet going wild. Just as I came within an ace of snatching the gun, Jim, who had a tiger-hold on my left-ulna, gave me a sudden jab causing me to mis the gun. Then I flincht. Then he fired, striking me in the back of my right eye, the ball coming out an inch and a half behind the left eye, between the zygomatic muscle and the vascular membrane lining the sclerotic, almost severing the ventricle of the larynx.

"Obsesing my right mind,—no encephalitis, I went down upon the ground to see if Bill would stop his shooting, as I saw they had the best of me. I only could do as Sir Walter Raleigh, who laid his hed upon the block, then bravely acquiesced: 'There now, take that, it is all I have left to give you.' Sure, the present brute fired three more shots. By this time I began to feel that the first two were

very fatal. Quickly I felt in my pockets to satisfy my consciens that it was my gun that did the gehennish work, for I did not know how soon I might be unconscious. One shot put both my eyes out forever! The second shot made a deep gash in my forehead, all the others (three) whized by.

"The odd feature is that the same day I askt Squire Jones to trade me some of the new, dry catridges in Bill Langdon's pistol for some of mine, which were wet, and the Squire consented. Thus, you see, I was shot with my own gun, but loaned bullets: Moral—Never borrow even a shot! Had I kept my damp catridges I may not have been prepared for duty, but the Langdons' could not have robbed me of the greatest beauty in life,—SIGHT!

"Never again, shal I see any face upon earth. The last objects I beheld werē Mr. William Langdon's face and my gun.

"I lay there three minutes. Mr. Whit Bise was the first man to come to me, and he, with several other men, led me to Dr. Lang's office. After walking up stairs I sat down and in ten minutes had thre Doctors; but by that time I was so weak I barely could raise my hand. My pulse had dropt to 36 beats: This was the first time I made only a few beats while I held office," Sessor writingly condoled, as he smiled for the first time.

"By my moving around, after I was shot, my hart was kept beating, thus saving my life. But the real battle has only begun."

These latter words Mr. Sessor uttered with an emotion that makes all the world kin.

Analogy in Holy Writ testifies: "A cloud RECEIVED Him out of their sight," but in Sessor's plight, the tragedy reads: "A cloud (darknes) DELIVERT him unto their sight."

After wiping his eye spaces, Sessor concluded: "I know a few more

things, but I dare not tel them. I solely swear I was not warned by the lower clas of people who now boast they did warn me. The short of the truth is, that I never could be 'TIPT' for vice privileges. I wasn't shot by ACCIDENT, I was shot on PLOT! But may God let me live to have no malis for any person. Friends, this is a terrible shock and I may never get over it; but if I do, it can't be soon. Yet, if I could get one of my eyes again, I would go right back on the force, for I love the work; however, as that can't be, I wish all my friends, and especially Police Officers, would call on me often to cheer the dark, dismal dungeon hours."

Mr. Eigenman says he heard the Langdons' swear: "Sessor shal never beat us over our heds with his billy!" Then they rusht to the river, while Eigenman yelled: "What's the trouble?" They darted towards Eigenman, as one twirled Sessor's gun on a finger, gnashing back: "What in the damnation of this creations groans and the cremation of your bones, is it to you? Do you want some of it?"

Eigenman jokingly says that he then thot he ought to be in Boston where plentyful street corners serv as quick protection.

Louis Savage, the Prosecuting Attorney, was informt, who hurried to the scene of crime, investigated, then rusht to the river wel armt; but during the twenty minutes the Langdons' had time to proceed half way acros the crystal Ohio. Savage returnt, then messages were sent to all surrounding towns, offering \$100 reward for the capture of the would-be fratricides. It was later learnt that only Bill went to Kentucky, and he loosent Ferryman Miller's skift in such a hurry that he found no oars, so had to paddle over by hand. They were great water-dogs and fishermen.

Big, Tom Ellis was sworn in to take Sessor's place; George Fleegeer, Ses-

sor's half-brother, who had been Marshal a year ago, refused on account of Sessor's serious condition. Fleegeer secured an ambulans, then took his brother home.

Sessor testifies: "Charles Mayhall, the owner of the ded wagon, told me later that the Doctor declared I would die before they got me home. My hed was roaring like a 30,000 horse power engin with the govener belt thrown off! I kept asking the Doctor whether he couldn't ease my hed, but he thot I was talking out of reason, yet I was conscous. Fully 300 people gathered that morning at my home, all eager to see me and find out how it happened."

Word was soon received that one of the Langdons' were in Rockport; so Marshal Ellis, Sheriff Thrasher and George Fleegeer put up a good watch, while Sessor struggled for life as he lay in his bed with a weeping mother near.

Robert Bartley spied Jim Langdon in the Lobby of the Veranda Hotel, so he levelt his gun on Jim, then marcht him out into the street where Sheriff Thrasher, after being notified, arrested Langdon. At the advise of Louis Savage, Langdon was placed in the Rockport jail for that night, as Jim was only an accomplice in the crime, his brother Bill having done the shooting.

But Langdon evidently saw the ghosts of the two negroes who were taken from the same cel, several years ago, and lyncht, becaus they murdered barber Simmons for a few dollars. So Langdon at once remarkt that 'if the people wanted to mob him the Sheriff should unlock the door and let them hang him on Sunday morning, January 24th.' People make a practis of burying the ded on the Lord's Day, but here is a jail-bird who prefered to sing the first song in Heven on the Christian Sabbath. Everybody trys to save time nowadays, and superstitions reigns!



Photo by J. M. Killian.

WHERE SESSOR WAS SHOT. SOUTH CORNER THIRD TO MAIN.



PROC. WRIGHT WALKING NEAR WHILE BILL LANGDON CREEPS FROM WASHOUT
UNDER BIG ROOTS OF KENTUCKY TREE.

The next day Jim was hurried to the Vanderburg County Bastile for safe keeping, where he read the Bible until brot to Rockport for trial.

In the meantime, Prock Wright, Tom Ellis, and Ellis Thrasher, the Sheriff, brave Hoosiers, were pursuing Bill over in that land where they sing without notes, "My Old Kentucky Home." Bill evidently had no NOTES, nor could he find one of those palacial homes, while the fine, fast horses also seemed to be scarce; so he coucht himself near the river

bank under the roots of a massive water-oak. It is said pro and con that Prock Wright walkt right over the roots of that tree causing some clods to fall upon Bill's cheeks to send tickle sensations to Langdon's system. Unsuspicious the posse searcht by, Bill all the while bating his big grey eyes much elated and perhaps singing, "Pas Me Not O Gentle Saviour." He might have shot Wright at that moment. Surely it is a bad thing to go to the BIG TIMBER!

Mr. Sam Walker, Officer of Davis County, Ky., offered \$25 to get Bill in a house. Word was received that Langdon was in Machlefresh's house. Walker askt entrance, but was refused, so he broke in, and there Bill lay in bed. All he ogled, as the guns were levelt upon him, was: "That's one on me." After handcuff Bill demanded: "Is the reward on me for alive or ded?"

"One hundred dollars for alive; \$5,000 for ded," grilled the officer; then Bill wincht and troted on faithfully to every command, meeting his brother at Evansville. At first requisition papers were demanded, but when Bill found out that Sessor was alive he agreed to come to the "Riley Land," twitting, "I'm glad Sess can't see me." Thus, they were brot to Rockport on the 13th day of February, where 'Not Guilty,' was the plea. They were put under \$2,000 bond. When arranged the next day they pled 'GUILTY,' were fined \$100 and sentenced to Jeffersonville from two to fourteen years, both being too young to send via State Prison to Michigan City. Bill is 24, Jim 26.

A big crowd saw the boys leav and it is reported that Bill grieved: "I only regret that I can't chew tobacco up at Jeffy, and I am not sorry for the deed, I would do it again." But since then each one has regretted the deed.

It has been claimed that the revolver which did the dastard deed, was thrown into the Ohio river; but later honest, old Bent Evans found it at his home in a bureau drawer. But few know how it got there. The number of the gun corresponded with the number Sessor had kept on a Tablet in Squire Jones' office. Salem Crowler bot and now owns this historic weapon. Large lumps of dough have been offered for it.

"Prison, emblem of hel, nursery of crime."—Tom Brown.

Before the Local Option election in Spencer County I was askt to go in the Temperance Parade with signs, "This is What Whisky Did," "Shot On Duty;" etc. I thot over this very seriously, but finally considered it too bold and bragadocial, becaus some of the WETS might have later sneakt up and clubbed me, and I, being blind, would have had a poor chance of defense. I wanted to be friends with everybody, but now since the WETS hang on to the cry "Sessor voted WET," I come square with facts:

Out of fourteen saloons in Rockport only two Saloonists have spoken to me since I was shot and only one came up to shake hands. Why should I vote wet? It pained me almost so much as when I was shot when the rumor got out that I voted WET, especiaelv when I heard that many of the best people believed this political scheme. Bovee says, "The highest virtue of the tropics is chastity; of colder regions, temperance." It seemed the people had put their reason to the cold shoulder of indifference with no sympathy for me. But why should I vote WET when even pure, little children, who have drinking fathers, askt me how I would vote, and when I replied "DRY," they said, "We think you ought to."

The law says no man is sober after he takes one drink, so any man may be arrested after the first drink. You say, "If Temperance is such a good thing, why wasn't it brought about long ago?" You might as wel claim since you are a good man why wasn't you born long ago? God's good mils grind slow, but sure. You prophesy the laws wil be repeald. That may be if politics get into moral rectitude; but why not have a good thing when you may and so long as possibl? As God created all men to live so near Him and the Law as possibl, then gave his Spirit to save souls from sin, yet if a man twenty-one years

old wil turn his back and vote against God's wil, I would say such a person is in great danger of losing his soul. Why should I vote WET?

I have a deep discerning mind and know the vileness of iniquity enuf to believe that an officer should never lounge around a saloon, thus giving an example for better principles,—then how could I condescend to vote WET?

Since I have been blind some askt me to go into a saloon for a drink, but I ever reply: "No thanks, boys, when I was on the Police Force I sometimes had to go in, but now I need not enter and never wil."

About twenty years ago I walkt up the crowded ile in the Court House of Spencer County, and let Ira B. Chase, the orator, pin a pink and white ribbon on my coat as a pledge for the Temperance Cause, and I stil cherish that bit of ribbon; yes, that sentiment and moral duty shal cling to my hart forever! Some declare that I should not have voted; but then my conscience could not have been clear, for casting a half-wet vote. I can say emphatically and sacredly that I certainly did vote just as Christ would vote, namely DRY. I started to the polls early, Miss Ethel Shriner met me at Bill Ice's Grocer, then took me to Charles Wilbern's residence, where Mr. Tharp, the Poling Sherif, escorted me thru the ropes. I caled for both clerks. Henry Maas, the DRY clerk, askt me "DRY" I replied "YES," and I am confident Mr. Maas put the X on the square markt YES.

In another part of this book I have my affidavit, for "The Lord answered me and said, write the VISION and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."—Hab. 2: 2. I would not dare to swear falsely. I lost my eyes thru the curse of whisky, could I then afford to vote WET? "Wine

is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20: 1.

"Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever!"—Job 19: 23, 24.

Let us not disparage God's Word. Christ avowed: "Touch not, handle not, taste not." Dodsley gave us this gem: "Make temperance thy companion, so shal helth sit on thy brow."

One incident I know where a lad was intoxicated by simply inhaling the gas from a jug of rum. What harm wil the ineberate stuff do if habitually used? Why do Railways, Factories, et al, demand temperate young men and women to operate and work in the mighty, modern, progressiv, industrial institutions? Just becaus one who's brain is tainted with liquor cannot reason rashionly nor act wisely. Prostitution ruins constitution and burrys institution.

Psychelogsists even prove that people get sick by thinking mad thots while eating; so I don't only look for a Universal Temperance Nation, but strieter laws regarding the amount of foods we eat, how, what, where and when! I also believ in days to come we wil have State Inspectors to enforce laws that each home must be thoroly ventilated, with special ap-provd window appliances.

Air and water is life, but hot gas and whisky is deth! Like Mark Anthony, I may say: "I am no Orator, I only speak right on; I tel you things which you yourselves do know." In the name of God thru Justis and the shame of the Devil that would burst us, let's do our duty, our whole duty, and nothing but the duty forevermore! Heaven's work speaks for morality, devils jobs whisper for rakality.

To cure a man from geting drunk you either must treat him with med-

icin, punish him thru fines, make him stay at home, or take the saloons away. I can safely say, not a WET man reads the Bible. I am positiv of this challenge. If you don't, or won't read Holy Writ, listen to some one who does; and if you can't speak the truth, don't say anything! It wil do your epigastrium, and other parts of your God created body, much good.

All a rum seller is fit for is to retire, bild mansions of blood, then when you ask him for a trifle he wil hawk and spit tobacco amber and beer foam until it makes you think of a turbilent sea voyage, and you realize why whisky money is tainted.

In some states, as in New York, the law requires a meal to be given with each drink. But the saloonist slams, down a stale piece of cow and eals it a meal.

I am prond that No. 1 Precinct, in Rockport, wherein I live, went 95 DRY. If all had done so wel the County would never have toppled to 43 WET. Brother, did you do your strenuous, citizen duty? Get into line, the battle for supreme right has just begun. Among the champions for loyal Temperance crusade are these wel known men: Hon. John W. Burns, the coming orator of the Pocket; Allen Payton, the Manager of the Local Home Telephone Company; Thomas Chrisney, Spencer County Representativ and editor of the Chrisney Sun; Mr. C. T. Baker, the ever-warm-all-over Temperance giant and editor of the Grandview Monitor; Rev. Bryan, Wesley Richards, C. M. Partridge, and many others. I was shot becaus the whole thing originated from our endeavor to purify the morals of the community, but people who did not, or could not comprehend our meaning often

made such expressions as: "Sessor is a fool," "Sessor don't do right by such wholesale supression." They did not realize that when one gets into a hornet's nest he must hit right and left. For that reason the Langdon boys are not to blame alone, becaus they heard many of the above mentioned slanderous remarks, hence the boys had some reason to do the criminal act. The Bible says we are our brother's keeper, but bad words about an Officer bild the minds of boys which justis cannot keep. Let me warn again all American Youth to shun liquor and respect your Officials.

Now a word about the profits on this book. Some say Mr. Cook gets the most benefit. This is not true; but even if he does get a smal percent from the sales I secure, you must remember, Samuel helpt me write the book, he paid for making the pictures, cuts, printing, binding, etc. One man askt me \$100 to write the book, another demandt \$35 just for reading and correcting the proof. I want you to help us now to make it a sucees, and not only financialy, but for spiritual and moral victory we pray.



The Eye

Never shal my eye sight
 Be restored unto me;
 But I have an insight
 With my mind that is free—
 Thus, duty never blind
 Wil repay in a way
 So my heart ever kind
 Shal for soul visions pray!



MISS SOPHIE A. GUMBEL
THE TRAINED NURSE, OF EVANSVILLE, WHO ATTENDED SESSOR.

THE HEAL

(ORDER)



"Order is heven's first law."—Pope.

"Every loaf has a heel, but some souls are always crusty."



IN the days of Mayhew, ORDERLIES kept London streets free from mud in winter and free of dust in summer. But now the American Orderlie's perilous duty is to keep a ninecompoo quiet after he is wet with bug-juice: But it is a sacred encouragement that Universal Temperance is coming so sure as the Universal Language.

The poet asks: "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We answer, "because it gives us Universal Option in Heven and blis in 'the' present."

Blindnes was inflicted upon Saul of Tarsus, but only for THREE days. The hand of the Lord smote Elymas blind for a SEASON; but Thomas Franklin Sessor is blind forever! Why? Because he cherisht ORDER.

Southey has well written: "ORDER is the sanity of the mind, the helth of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the mirosom of man, so is order to all things."

Some protest that Mayor John Walker wanted too much order, a case of "graft versus dam the inhabitants." Or, as South' detects, "His command over them was but

SAUSIV and POLITICAL." We shal not try to speak for either side; but if Sessor was commanded to act the custodian at wholesale, he did no more than his duty.

Again, if the Marshal was too easy, as Milton attests: "I had a mind to SEE him out, and therefore did not care to contradict him," with such a humaniterian view, who dares, in the name of clear explanation, or the bluff of want-to-put-in-more, who, I say, dares to swear there were too numerous arrests in Spencer County during the reign of the first Mayor in our fertile vicinity?

Sessor declares that many women told him to arrest their husbands, then the men later came and told the Marshal that he had saved their lives and henceforth they would do better.

Their ambition was to better the moral conditions of the vicinity, and even the sane old Rockport Journal lately declared that it believes with Solomon: "Spare the rod, spoil the child." The much discust Golden Rule Police Systems' work, but only where citizens back up the Moral Suasion of Officers, which often is a slow proces.

It is certainly evident that there was no graft, as strenuous efforts were made to get the city out of det and

more liquidating was done in the latter few years than in twenty years back, reducing the city public debt of \$35,000 down to about \$11,000. Furthermore, Rockport, Spencer Co., Indiana, has become known as the healthiest city in America, proven by statistics. It is an automathic city, situated on high rocks, with 3500 people who strive to inform themselves, yet object not to being taught modern reforms!

There was a "Pastor Court," for often the Ministers of the city would meet with Mayor Walker, Squire Jones and Sessor, then talk of what they would do and what others should do to purify the community.

Mayor Walker is a man of few words, but he knows and attends to his business. Squire Jones is a man who stands like Gibraltar with official brethren in exacting justice. Jones was always particular about rendering judgment against a man where there was reasonable doubt of innocence. Some say he placed false entry of a plea of guilty on his docket, but this he never did.

There is no city, or small town, which could elect a better man to protect the innocent than Squire Jones. Sessor had pledged that he never would bring Jones a false arrest, or lie in any event to convict a man.

One time Sessor arrested John Henry Payne, fined him \$12, which Payne would not pay until they got over the river, when the Kentuckian pulled out several hundred dollars. Later Payne asked Sessor why he arrested him, for he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing?

"That's just it," replied Sessor, "you might have fallen into the river, then sue the city." Sessor's orders always were, "If you must drink, don't drink to excess."

So, brother, it's morning, get up—see the are-vision of duty? Let us

rather believe Mr. Sessor was to exceedingly compassionate, for Dryden teaches us:

"Men are not good, but for necessity:

Nor ORDERLY are born, but bred."

Watts, in 1782, invented a rapid way of making shot by dropping finely divided metal into water. But shot "whats" now, is prone to create water and blood when the lead enters dutiful eyes.

The aim of a gun may kill the AMBITION of a man. A revolver frequently evolves into the wrong hands. Merchants are now forbidden to display firearms, which is certainly a good late law going well with the Local Option, and pseudo-harmless guns, —these are the two devil-cousins of corruptive government.

It is said when Sessor was shot, one of the Langdon boys yelled: "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away AMBITION;" but others captivate that the Langdon boys were too illiterate to quote such phrase. Sessor amplifies: "Never mind. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. Faith here is turned to vision. There. We walk by faith not by sight."

Sight gives aim, for ambition; but insight inherits mind power, thru any condition!

One who has no eyes, can't blink;
But it strengthens the sense to think!

We have BLINDS before our window PANES, but when blindness comes into our eyes, the PAIN never lets the sun in.

"And when they had blindfolded him, they struck his face."—Luke. Langdons' blindfolded Sessor; will you strike the face, or cheer the heart?

Blue eyes represent love, gray eyes signify talent; but black eyes often prove deformity.

Bodenstedt says: "A gray eye is a sly eye; a brown one indicates a roughish humor; a blue eye expresses fidelity; while the sparkling of a dark eye is like the ways of Providens, always a riddle."

Are-vision measures the least distances to any horizon; bebalfic-vision, the immediate sight of God; direct-vision, that view performed by means of straight rays; and reflected-vision, that scene procured by looking at a mirror, or letting mind see out. All these Senses lost, except, we might say, a part of the later sense, the reflection of soul and mind vision.

Some Rockport student asked us to give an ORDERLY list of diseases to which the eye is subject, so here are a few:

Amaurosis, amblyopia, cataract, choroiditis, eyelitis, glaucoma, hypopion, heretism, hypermetropia, neonatorum, panophthalmitis, pannus, pingueculia, pterygium, trachoma, xerophthalmia. Some of these maladies cause blindness; but where blindness is caused by a drunken enemy the conditions are more heart rending. As for example: when you kick at something, but miss, the jar is the more severe!

Describing the eye, Bilz says: "All the influences and conditions of the outer world and of our own bodies are perceived through the five senses and by the sensitive nerves conveyed to the brain, and then we become conscious of them. The senses are only the ends of nerves, which are connected with a special apparatus for the reception of exterior expressions. According to their importance, the five (medium of) senses are divided into two higher, the eye and the ear, and the three lower—the skin, nose and tongue.

In consequence of the greater importance of the two higher senses, their organs have only one purpose, and no ulterior object, hence their

construction is more artistic and elaborate than the lower organs. This is especially the case with the eye, which is a most skilfully constructed apparatus, subject to the laws of optics."

From the most remote ages, the eye has been considered the most beautiful gift of nature, and next to the loss of life, the loss of eyesight is the most serious.

In the eye the principal divisions are the eyeball and the subsidiary organs which serve to move and protect it. The eyeball lies in a funnel-shaped cavity, protected on all sides by walls of bone, and padded with a thick sheath in which there are tiny openings to allow of the passage of the optic nerve and the muscles which move the eye. The eye ball (in form like an apple, of which the optic nerve may be considered the stem) moves freely in all directions in this socket. Just as the skin of an onion lies one over another, so the eye is enveloped in three outer coverings. The outer skin, so-called sclerotic membrane, is tough, strong and leathery, but is covered with a soft mucous membrane which extends to the upper and lower eyelids.

At the front of the eye, the sclerotic membrane, is blended into a transparent, more curved membrane, the cornea, which fits into it rather as a watchglass fits into the rim.

Inside the sclerotic membrane, comes the choroid membrane, covered by a brown pigment. This curves toward the front and forms by crossing a cavity (the pupil) the iris, which is in the middle, and forms the division between the front and back of the eye. The inner and most important skin for purposes of seeing, is the retina. This consists of ten layers of different sorts of cells and fibres, and is nothing else than a network formed by the ramification of the optic nerve. Behind the iris lies

a transparent, elastic, crystalline lens, shaped like a magnifying glass, the office of which is to refract the rays of light. By means of its power to curve itself thicker or thinner, objects which are near or far off can be seen equally well. Behind this lens is a circular body as clear as water (vitreous humor), which, like the lens, serves to refract the rays. Vitreous humor and lens lie behind the iris in the back of the socket, the space in front is filled by a watery, transparent fluid—the aqueous humor. The eye is protected by the eyebrows; the eyelids with their special muscles for movements, their soft membrane and eyelashes, and the tear glands which lie on the outside of the eyeball. Cornea, aqueous humor, lens, and vitreous humor, as transparent bodies, serve the purpose of seeing, in so far that they receive and refract the rays of light and produce on the retina a reversed picture of the objects seen. Light produces a movement and vibration of the cells and fibers of the retina. This vibration is conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, and the impression of seeing is produced. How this takes place has not yet been discovered, and is still a puzzle.

Prof. Dr. H. P. Holler, Alexandria, Va., says: "My new theory of double refraction in sight would make the eye a rheita telescope, instead of a mere camera obscura. The lens-quality of the cornea has generally been overlooked. The two humors might have indicated two lenses, not mentioning the fact that they themselves refract rays like water, making converging and diverging focuses possible. It does not seem to be conclusively proven that the image on the retina is not right side up. The pupil counteracts spherical aberration, and is in fact a diaphragm.

From time immemorial the fine, artistic construction of the eye has been a subject of wonder, and a microscopic

investigation of its smallest details has only served to increase the admiration.

If any one has "wits at the tip of his fingers" it must be the blind man, for it is claimed by some psychologists that the nerve matter at the ends of the fingers closely resembles the gray matter of the brain.

The first color registered by the sight is a dull, dark-red, produced by vibrations numbering some four hundred billions per second. The rate of vibration raising produces the color of orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and finally vibrations at the rate of eight billion per second produce the violet color. There are innumerable shades of color the present human family cannot distinguish, both below and above this general known color scale. It is claimed that the workers on the mosaics at the Vatican were able to distinguish 25,000 different shades of color. And scientists hold that some day humanity will be so proficient that all may detect color by sound. If so, will the eye then be useless? Even the ancient Greek philosopher Democritus held that the senses of seeing, smelling, tasting and hearing were but extensions of the original amobien sense of touch.

Dr. Carl Hertzell, of Berlin, Germany, has invented the "Ophthalmodiaphanoscope," by which one may see the back of another's eye. Perhaps, some day too, one may not only see another's eye from the back, but the blind may get back their sight.

Writing of the presumed keen senses of the blind, John G. McKendick in Nature (London), has this argument:

"There appears to be no evidence that blindness, per se, increases the sensitiveness of the senses, but on the principle that if one sense is defective the others are likely to be also defective, the other senses, in the average blind, are less acute than in the see-

ing. How, then, are we to explain the wonderful way in which the blind avoid obstacles and find their way about? It has been supposed that by practis the skin of the face, in particular, becomes more sensitiv, or, in other words, that the blind habitually pay attention to currents of air playing on their faces, and especially they may be influenet by sensations of temperature. They say that they 'know' they are near a wal becaus they 'feel' it, altho they do not touch it. It would be interesting to examine the blind as regards the sensitiveness of the hot and cold spots of the skin as revealed by Goldscheider and others.

The spirit of sensitiveness to the direction and temperature of air currents is supported by the observation that the blind do not so readily avoid an obstacle if the face is covered or even if they are blindfolded. This suggests the question: Are all blind absolutely insensitiv to light? (Mr. Sessor hopes to explain some of these arguments in issues of THE PRESIDENT.) It is believed that the blind pay more involuntary attention to the direction and quality of sounds. The blind man 'taps' his stick. When snow is on the ground the blind have difficulty in avoiding obstacles.

"One must not forget however, the physical element that enters into the question. The effort of attention is superadded to the sensory impression. Impressions may reach the sensorium, of which we are usually unconscious, but they may be detected by an effort of attention. This was strongly pointed out by Helmholtz. The senses of the blind are not in the normal blind more acute, as usually supposed; but I hold that the necessity of the case oblige the blind to pay closer attention to them."

Just lately the physicians were mystified by a man, in the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in New

York, who can see only when in a recumbent position. This is a queer and pityful case; yet sight one-half the time, like sight of one eye, is far better than total darknes.

Sessor filosofically says if he only could see by lying down, he would do as Mark Twain—stay in bed until some duty lets him see his way out.

In Philadelphia there was a case reported where the doctors operated on an eye, but got the optics so misconstructed that the man now sees thru his ears.

The number of blind averages about 1 to every 1,000 inhabitants; hence, there are approximately some 85,000 blind people in the United States.

Christian philanthropy first was content to furnish "blind asylums;" but since Weef, in 1178, and Valentine Hauj, in 1784, establisht at Paris, schools and books for the blind, modern humanity has greatly progreest, so the blind may now support themselves, as there are numerous papers publisht, in Braille letters, for the blind.

Becauss of some blind frauds, many people are reluctant at encouraging the blind, real hustler.

Helen Keller is one of the most notabl blind persons, and she gives Sessor a kind word.

"I believe," epitomized Addison, "the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be MUTILATED were not its FORCE imparted."

But not every FORCE of the Ex-Marshall is gone. He struggles by his one remaining inodmitable power "GRIT."

As intimated, Sessor is not only deprivt of sight; but he cannot smel, nor taste. Job asks: "Is there any TASTE in the white of an egg?" Not for Sessor, since he was shot by a bad-egg who played a shel-game!

You know how dreadful it is to

have no appetite (sitophobia), or how disgusting when you obses a great appetite (bulimia), yet nothing tastes good!

Biologists elucidate that an ordinary person SUDENLY struck blind, who then can't see, taste nor smel, wil commit suicide within five years.

Bacon postulated: "The sweetest SMEL in the air is that of the white doubl violet." It is a co-incident that Sessor wore this lovely flower in his coat lapel every Sunday some years ago, while on my father's farm. But now the scent of even this charming flower is suffocated, to Sessor, forever!

"What, then, is TASTE but those internal powers,

Activ and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? A discerning
sense

Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust

From things deformt, or discouraged,
or gros

In species? This, nor gems, nor stone
of gold,

Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow."—Akenside.

In vernacular slang we often hear the precious eyes alluded to as "hed-lights." A good man may stand hed-on-collisions, much fire and satire from some bush-whacker in ambush; but Sessor no dout now wonders why his "hed-lights," were taken, and, as with Moses, the burnt bush remained. Moses saw the mysterious power ascend heaven-ward, but in Sessor's plight the people are compeld to hear that the mutilators went to a smal city along where the Ohio waves wash. Shakespere might sing of them: "Their EYES of FIRE sparkling thru SIGHTS of steel."

The doctors waited on Sessor for several weeks, for life was almost extinct at many hours; but Sessor's

invincibl courage was a veritabl placebo. Dr. Knapp of Evansville was called. Sessor says his brain felt as tho it was rolling around a disk of knives. One time a clot of blood came from the brain and his pulse sank from 60 to 40 in a few seconds. Thru the care of the pleasant trained nurse, Miss Sophie Anna Gumbel, from Evansville, Sessor rallied. This nurse says: "Sessor has the most cheerful disposition of any patient I ever attended. His Yankee gumption is superb! There is no faint hart about Rockport's blind former-Marshal."

It is largely thru the expert treatment and careful attention of Dr. Shirley Lang that Sessor owes his miraculous life. Few ever get up under such perilous conditions. Sessor says: "One of my eyes appears as tho with it I can see. This is perhaps God's foresight, for some thugs might beat me some time if the doubter would not now fear I could see him." To add to the sad affair Sessor's wife had to be taken to the Hospital at Evansville, where she remained for many weeks.

The people of Rockport have made donations for Sessor, and the Ben Hur Lodge paid his expenses for some time; but NOW Mr. Sessor prefers to support himself, mother and family thru the sales of this book and THE PRESIDENT Magazine, to which he has pledged regular articles in the course of many years D. V.

A disabled blind soldier receives \$100 pension a month, and the present Marshal of Rockport gets \$75 a month. Would you have all the world's beauty shut out for only \$50 a month? Some people soon forget. Don't go sight-seeing unles you help the blind Ex-Marshal, thus ameliorating the visions of the soul.

Writing to me under date of April 19th, Miss Gumbel says: "I congratulate you upon your worthy undertak-

ing in Mr. Sessor's behalf. My sympathy was deeply aroused for him while acting in the capacity as trained-nurse to him in his great trial. His fortitude was indeed wonderful.

"Recognizing your literary talent and well merited influence in the community in which you live I see no reason why your book should not be a success both literally and financially.

"I am glad indeed to know that Mr. Sessor has so many kind friends that are standing heroically by him in his time of need."

Milton was totally blind, and Whittier was color-blind; but the world loved them and encouraged their ambitions. Fanny Crosby, who was totally blinded when six weeks old by the application of a hot poultice by a physician, is now 89 years old, and she has written 5,000 songs. Stephen Girard almost killed himself when he found out that he had one "twisted-eye." But he later owned twenty-two ships and was the first man in America who had a million dollars in working property.

Sessor is a poor man, but who dares limit his life's work? One thing is certain: In years to come Sessor will always be proof that whisky not only harms the drinker, but ruins the joy of many an officer.

All have a right to their opinion—part of the time to part with partial opinions.

Hubbard epitomizes: "Successful revolutions are always fought by FARMERS, and the government which they create is destroyed by city mobs." "Man made the cities, God the country, but the devil made the small towns." But, "Do not suppose that all the gambling is done in the cities. Eliminate the paste-board proclivities." Let the City and Country, the Wets and Drys, be united under the living emblem—Franklin Thomas Sessor, our Ex-Marshall, then sin no more!

Some people you must grant favors in their awkward controversy, so allowing the crux of the whole history, thus: Even if Sessor had too much confidence in ALL countrymen, and if what shall be will be,—unless you (wiser) are there to prohibit, then don't yourself now go to the other extreme and have not enough confidence in ONE citizen—F. T. Sessor!

There are two gigantic "iff's," which are not a doubt, but a certain curse to our nation—they are "Sheriff," and "Tar-iff."

Put away with whisky and the office of Sheriff will become obsolete, and after the Sheriffs are gone we won't need so much talk and acts on Tariff.

Don't revise the Tariff, but despise whisky—never regard it your duty to drink the swill; that's devising moral wealth, with no tax on health.

One more thought, as the preacher ogles, then I shall close,—provided the Lord won't pleonasm (the same thing over), for another hour:

In the course of many years I have gathered thousands of clippings pertaining to almost every subject under the glare which Joshua stopped. Among these clippings I find the old school-question debated unceasingly in all sections of the country, and that is: "Resolved that Hope of Reward influences men more than the Fear of Punishment," or "The Rod quickens to Righteousness more men than does Moral Suasion."

Out of 593 cases I find the judges decided 561 times for the Affirmative, and only 32 decisions for the Negative,—and it must be presumed there were chances for so sane, impartial judges on one side as for the other, with the debaters on equal terms and wits.

The answer, then, seems to be, that human pseudo-civilized life is still blind in its obligations to moral duty, and Roosevelt was not too severe when he demanded more Civil Service men for Congress; because debates and life

prove that we need cautious Detectives so urgently as the elating Pastors, for water never runs up hill until forced; and we all know the air is purer on the summit of the mountain.

In China they have a Marshal for every ten men, and each man keeps surveillance over the other.

In America we are on the verge of that age when each person must be on the guard of himself, for self-defence is the first law of "Look-out!" Yet, none should be impartial. Sessor wasn't. "Every man would be a distinct species to himself were there no sympathy among individuals." Now remember, some day your sight might be smasht out, then help would be sweet to your hands and sacred for your mother's hart. Let Clio's record be clean!

In conclusion Mr. Sessor says: "Hereafter I will try to live a thoroughly religious life, with a kind hart for all; becaus I realize that while my present condition may be the work of fate, yet I shal trust in God forever and worship with my friends. I pray to educate and minister thru this book so that many may be softened at hart and brot to the saving grace of a Redeemer. On thing I ask: "I wish my friends would dres in white fifty girls from six to fourteen years, to hed mv funeral procession any time that I may pas to the Great Beyond. I ask this becaus I was blinded to earthly life while protecting the innocent. I stil have courage and hope to struggle, even if I must do like the Indian woman who cut out her own flesh for bait to catch fish for starv-ing children."

In the minds of the better clas of people there is no dubitation but that Mr. Sessor did his whole duty and nothing but his duty! Had they not believed so he could not have sold 169 books in 13 days.

So with the Bard of Avon we all vouchsafe:

"The Gods can have no mortal OFFICER
More like a god than you."

Or, as Goldsmith cajoles:

"Taught by the Power who pities me,
I LEARN to pity him."

Have you lernt?
Then act!

The
Fine word—
"Man's-laughter,"
Is yet grotesque:
Move S backward then
Male mirth becomes certain—
"Man-slaughter." Sure a
Sad English trait;
For no sin
Is so—
Mean

As
To kil
Fellowmen.
Again, no joy
Is so sacred as
'Man's-laughter.' If men LAUGHED
So much without coin
As they SLAUGHTER
For it, world
Would be
Blis!

FIGURE THREE ODDITIES

Sessor was born three miles from Buffaloville. He was 39 years the 7th of June, 1909. He was shot on the 23d day of January, with a 38 pistol; he lay three minutes; three bullets mist him; three doctors attended him; the cost of nurse was \$63; his pulse went down to 36 beats.

All this is unique, but more is to follow: There are three chief characters: Frank, Bill and Jim; Langdons ran, three boys and three officers hunted for the Langdons in Kentucky. The trial was held three weeks after Sessor was shot, which happened to be the 13th day of February; he wrote to me (Cook) on March 3 (third month), regarding the book "Shot On Duty," which, by the way, has three words for its title.

But follow stil further: Sessor did his first canvassing for this book on the 13th day of March and received 13 orders the first three hours. Now as we go to pres he has 300 orders, and he declares he wil get many more in the course of time.

Now let us not say of the Langdons with Gibbon: "When Commodus had once TASTED human BLOOD he became INCAPABL of PITY."

But may we believ of Langdons' and Sessor, with Milton:

"What better can we do than prostrate fall

Before him revent, and there confes

Humbly our faults, and PARDON
beg, with tears

Watering the ground."

(THE END)



THOMAS F. SESSOR AFTER SHOT
TOTALY BLIND

SESSOR'S AFFIDAVIT

State of Indiana, }
Spencer County. } ss:

Thomas F. Sessor, being duly sworn on his oath, states that he is a resident and legal voter of Precinct Number One in Ohio Township, Spencer County, Indiana, and that he was on the 4th day of May, 1909.

That at a Local Option Election held on the 4th day of May, 1909, in Spencer County, Indiana, to determine by ballot whether the sale of intoxicating liquors as beverage shall be prohibited in said County, he went to the polls in his said Precinct, and on account of his physical inability to vote for himself, he instructed the polling clerk for the "Drys" to mark his ballot in the square containing the word Yes, meaning "Dry;" that he has every reason to believe, that said polling clerk marked his ballot as instructed, and that he makes this affidavit for the benefit of the public in order that the public might know that he is against the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in said Spencer County.

THOMAS F. SESSOR.

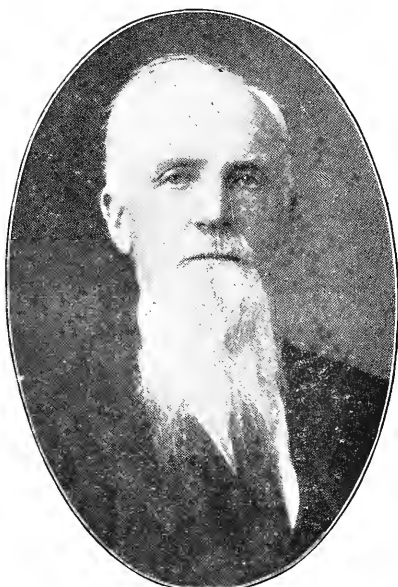
Witness:

MINNIE D. BABB.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of May, 1909.

MINNIE D. BABB,
Notary Public.

My commission expires January 8, 1911.



SQUIRE WM. JONES



PROSECUTOR L. N. SAVAGE

DUTY EPIGRAMS



—("Lass die schwerste Pflicht dir die allerheiligste Pflicht sein.")—Let the most arduous duty be the most sacred of all to thee.—Lavater.



"Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own."—Neu. V; 4: 1.



"One would what he should, but he can't; one could what he should, but he won't; one would and could, but he knows not what he should."—Goethe.



"What is thy duty? To accept the challenge of the passing day."



"The sum of duty let two words contain; Be humble and just."—Prior.



"Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back."—Kingsley.



"Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much."—Emerson.



"Not liberty, but duty, is the condition of existence."—George Eliot.



"To think alright is the sum of human duty."—Pascal.



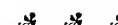
"Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."—Bible.



"Man cannot choose his duties."—George Eliot.



"God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it."—Ruskin.



"The first duty of a man is that of subduing fear; he must rid of fear; he cannot act at all till then; his acts are selfish, not true."—Carlyle.



"The first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and, for his own good, submit to him; and to find his true inferior, and, for that inferior's good, conquer him."—Ruskin.



"Knowledg of our duties is the most useful part of filosofy."—Whately.

DICTIONARY OF THE EYE

CILIUM: (sil-i-um.) Eyelash.

CILIARY: (sil'-e-a-ri.) Small arteries of the eye.

CONJUNCTIVA: (kon-junk-ti-vi-tis.) Mucous membrane of the eye.

CORNEA: (kor-ne-a.) Transparent anterior portion of eyeball, $\frac{1}{6}$ entire ball.

CRYSTALLINE: (kris'-tal-in.) Lens of the eye; behind the iris or in front of the vitreous body.

HETEROPHORIA: (het-e-ro-fo-ri-a.) Failure of the visual axes to meet at the fixation point.

IRIS: The colored, contractile membrane suspended between the lens and the cornea in the aqueous humor of the eye, separating the anterior and posterior chambers of the ball. It regulates by contraction and dilation the entrance of light.

ISOPHORIA: (iso-fo'-re-ah.) Meaning equal in strength. Equal tension of vertical muscles of the eye with visual lines in same horizontal plane.

LACRIMAL: (lak'-rim-al.) Tear. Pertaining to or secreting tears.

LAGOPHTHALMUS: Inability to close the eyes.

MEIBOMIAN glands: (me-bo'-me-an.) Sebaceous glands of eyelids.

MESOTIMA: (mes-o-ret'-in-ah.) Middle layer of retina.

MICATION: (mi-ka-shon.) Winking. Same as NICTATION.

NYSTAGMUS: (nis-tag-mus.) Oscillation of eyeballs: Lateral, rotary and vertical.

OPHTHALMOSCOPY: (off-thal-mos'-ko-pe.) Examination of interior of eye.

OPIATE: That which causes sleep.

OPHTIC: Pertaining to the eye or vision.

ORBIT: Bony cavity of skull which holds the eyeball.

PUPIL: Round orifice in iris through which light passes.

RETINA: (ret-e-nah.) Internal membrane of the eye.

SCLERA: (skle'-ra.) Firm, white membrane of the eyeball.

TARAS: Condensed connective tissue of eyelids.

TEARS: Saline fluid secreted by the lachrymal glands.

UREA: (u-re-ah.) The choroid ciliary body, and iris, as a whole.

VASA VORTICOSA: Veins of choroid coat of the eye.

VITELLINE: (vitel'in.) Chief protoplasm of the crystalline lens, clast as globulin.

VITREOUS chamber: (vit'-re-us.) Portion of the cavity of the eyeball behind the lens.

WAL EYE: Eye in which iris is light colored or white. Leucoma or dense opacity of cornea. Divergent strabismus.

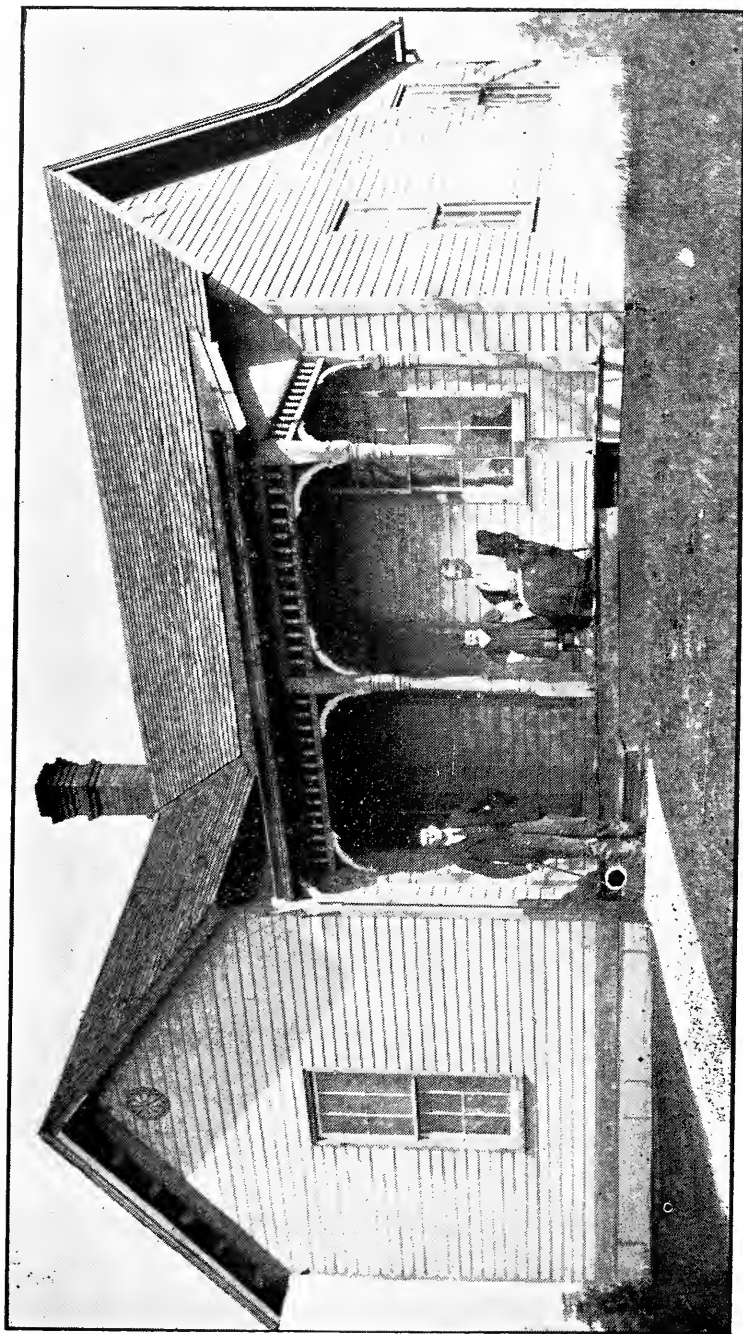


Photo by J. M. Killian.

WHERE Sessor LIVED WHEN THE CRIME OCCURED.
HIS MOTHER AND HER GRANDCHILD.

Diseases of Eye

- ASTHENOPIA:** (as-the-no'-pi-a.) Weakness of the ocular muscles of the eye. Varieties: Retinal, ocomodativ, and muscular.
- BLASTODERM:** (blas'-to-derm.) Inflammation of edges of the eyelids.
- CATARACT:** (kat'-a-rakt.) Opacity of crystalline lens.
- DIPLOPIA:** (di-plo'-pi-ah.) Double vision.
- GLAUCOMA:** (glaw-ko'-ma.) Increase of fluid pressure within the eyeball and gradual diminution of vision.
- KEROTALGIA:** (ker-a-tal'-je-ah.) Neuralgia of the cornea.
- LEUKOMA:** (lu-ko'-mah.) A dense white opacity of cornea.
- MACULA:** (mak-ula.) Yellow spots of retina.
- MIOSIS:** (mi-o-sis.) Abnormal smallness of pupils.
- MAGALOPSIA:** (mag-al-op'-se-ah.) An affection of the eye in which objects appear enlarged.
- MYDRIASIS:** (mid-ri-as-sis.) Abnormal dilation of the pupil.
- MYDRIATIC:** (mid-re-at-ik.) An agent causing mydriasis, smallness of pupil.
- NEBULA:** (neb-u-lah.) Grayish opacity of cornea.
- OPHTHALAMIA:** (off-thal'-me-ah.) Inflammation of conjunctiva.
- OPHTHALMOLOGY:** (of-thal-mol'-o-je.) Science of affections of the eye.
- OPHTHALMOPATHY:** (off-thal-mop'-a-the.) Any disease of the eye.
- OPHTHALMOPHTHISIS:** (off-thal-mo'-ti-sis.) Wasting of the eyeball.
- OPHTHALMOPLEGIA:** (off-thal-mople'-ge-ah.) Paralysis of ocular muscles.
- OPHTHALMORRHAGIA:** (off-thal-mo-rà'-je-ah.) Hemorrhage of the eye.
- OPHTHALMORRHEA:** (off-thal-mo-re'-ah.) Flow of blood from eye.
- OPHTHALMORRHEXIS:** (off-thal-mo-reks-is.) Rupture of an eyeball.
- OPTIC NEURITIS:** (optic nuri'-tis.) Inflammation of interior of eye.
- PACHYBLEPHARON:** (pah-e-blef'-a ron.) Thickening of eyelids.
- PANNUS:** (pan-us.) Corneal vascularization and opacity, proceeding from above downward horizontally.
- PANOPHTHALMITIS:** (pan-off-thal-mi-tis.) Purulent inflammation of entire uveal tract, which fills eye with pus and ends in complete destruction.
- PHLYCTENULA:** (flik-ten'-u-lah.) A minute watery vesicle occurring on cornea of eye.
- PINGUECULA:** (pin-gwee'-u-lah.) A small yellow tumor or elevation in conjunctiva near margin of cornea. Composed of connective tissue and elastic fibers.
- PHOTALGIA:** (fo-tal'-ji-ah.) Pain produced by light.
- PRESBYOPIAL:** (pres-be'-o-pe-ah.) Loss of accommodation due to age.
- PTERYGIUM:** (ter-ij-e-nm.) A triangular thickening of the conjunctiva. Apex towards cornea.

PROSIS: (to-sis.) Drooping of upper eyelids from paralysis.

RETINITIS: (ret-in-i-tis.) Inflammation of retina.

RUTIDOSIS: (rut-i-do'-sus.) Contracting or puckering of cornea just before death.

SCABRITES: (ska-brit'-i-ey.) A morbid roughness of inner surface of eyelids, causing sensations as if sand were in eye.

STAPHYLOMA: (staf-il-o'-mah.) A protrusion of the cornea to greater or less degree, which is opaque.

STRABISMUS: (stra-bis'-mus.) Deviation or squint of one eye in looking at an object, or inability to exercise binocular vision.

STYE. Circumscribed inflammation of the connective tissue near edge of the eyelid, ending in suppuration.

SYNECHIA: (sin-e'-ki-ah.) Anterior morbid adhesion between iris and cornea; or posterior morbid adhesion between iris and crystalline lens.

TRACKOMA: (tra-ko'-mah.) Granular lids.

TRICHIASIS: (trik-i'-a-sis.) Inversion of the eyelashes against cornea, which is clouded and inflamed by their constant rubbing.

VARICOBLEPHARON: (var-ik-o-blef'-o-ron.) Varicose tumor of the eyelids.

VARICULA: (va-rik'-u-lah.) A small varix; especially, a varicose dilation of the veins of mucous membrane covering anterior surface of the eye.

VERNAL conjunctivitis, occurring usually thru the spring in the young.

XEROPHTHALMIA: (ze-roff-thal'-me-ah.) Conjunctival dryness, with thickness of conjunctiva.

Vision of Eye

EMMETROPIA: (em-e-tro'-pi-ah.) Normal accommodation of the eye. Ability to focus on the retina a luminous point from 3.9 to 4.7 inches from the eye.

ESOPHORIA: (es-o-fo'-re-ah.) Tendency of visual lines inward.

HEMIANOPSIA: (hem-e-an-op'-se-ah.) Obliteration of half of vision field.

HYPEROPIA: (hi-per-o'-pe-ah.) A condition which throws the focus behind the retina—opposed to myopia.

METAMORPHOPSIA: (Met-am-or-fop-se-ah.) Visual distortion of objects.

MICROPSIA: (mi-krop'-se-ah.) Visual diminution of objects.

MONOBLEPSIS: (mon-o-blep'-sis.) Distinct vision only when one eye is used.

MYOPIA: (mi-o'-pe-ah.) Near-sightedness; light rays being focused before reaching retina.

ORTHOPHORIA: (or-tho-fo'-re-ah.) Tendency to a parallelism of visual axes.

SCINTELLATION: (sin-til'-a-shon.) Visual sensation of sparks.

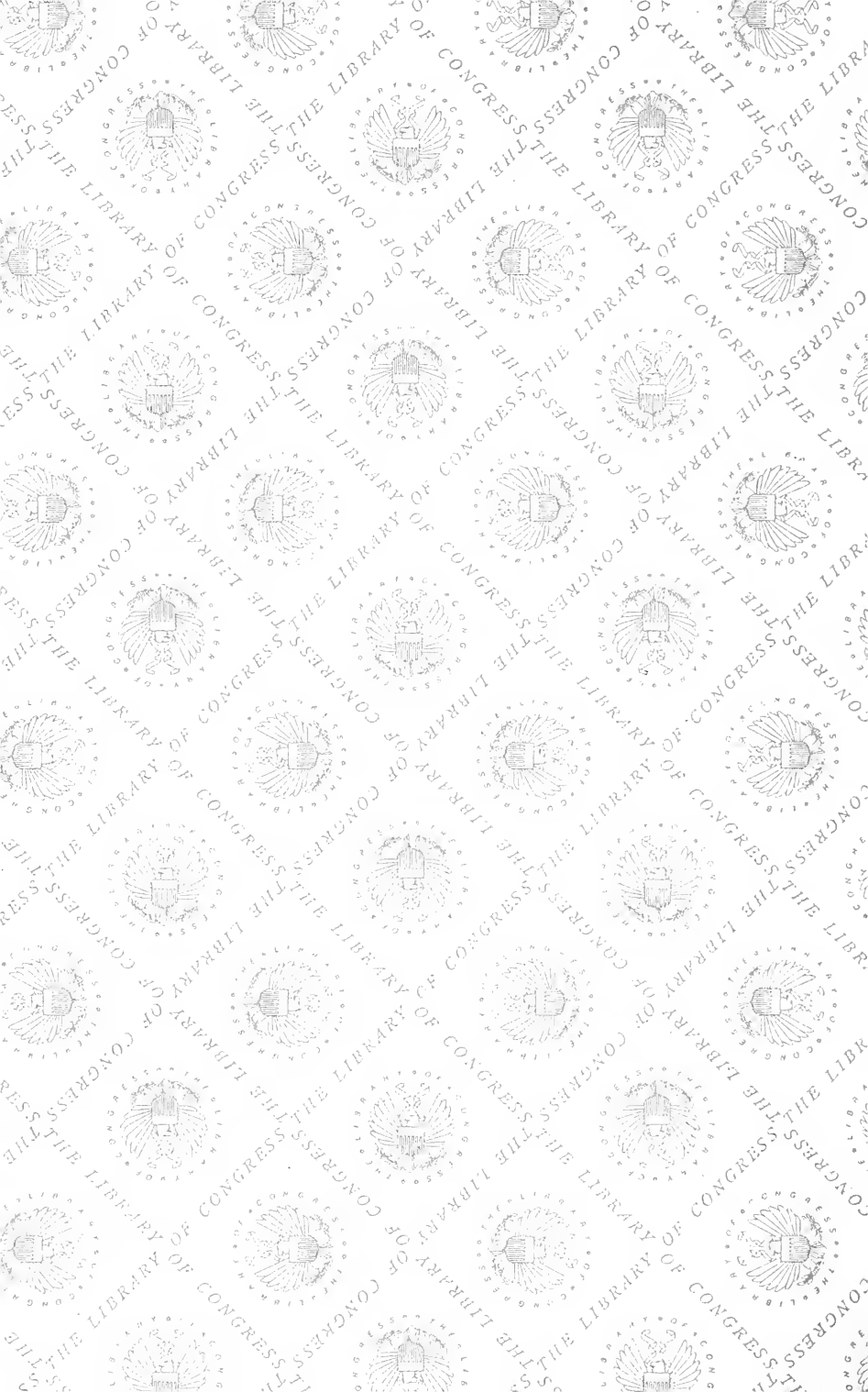
SPINTHERISM: (spin'-ther-ism.) Illusory sensation of sparks before the eyes.

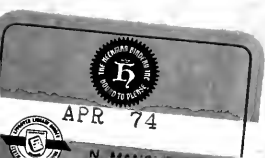
TEICHOPSIA: (ti-kop'-se-ah.) A temporary blindness.

TYPHLOLOGY: (tif-lo-sis.) Total blindness.

XANTHOCYANOPIA: (zan-tho-si-an-o'-pe-ah.) A form of color-blindness in which only yellow and blue are perceived correctly, red and green being imperceptible.







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